

## The Author of "Hail Columbia."

ONE hundred and twenty-seven years ago to-day Joseph Hopkinson was born in Philadelphia. A noted lawyer and jurist, he will go down to fame as the author of "Hail Columbia," which he wrote when he was twenty-eight and which did much to keep patriotism alive in that trying time.

## The Fatal Ring

A SERIAL OF ROMANCE AND THRILLING ADVENTURE

Pearl Thinks She Has an Advantage in a Queer Battle, but Carslake Springs a Surprise.



Carslake Finds Himself in a Quandary While Pearl Threatens.

(Novellized from the photo-play "The Fatal Ring.")

By Fred Jackson.

Episode 19.

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As the hand with the gun in it came out from the portiere behind her, Pearl turned in astonishment. The barrel of the revolver was almost touching her neck. Her eyes widened. Her lips parted. She uttered a half-muffled cry of fear.

"Suppose you throw up your hands, Miss Standish," observed Carslake, smiling sardonically. And she realized now why he had shown so little distress upon her appearance. He still held the violet diamond between his fingers, tantalizingly.

Pearl reluctantly yielded her gun to her new captor and raised her hands.

"Now," added Carslake quietly, "kindly join our friend here on, negligee. I want you close enough together to enable my man to cover you both with one gun. And I advise you not to offer any sort of resistance nor to attempt to escape. I should regret very much the necessity of killing you. You are both such charming young ladies!"

Pearl bit her lip. The other woman whimpered. "Don't be frightened," said Pearl reassuringly, ignoring Carslake and his lieutenant and turning impulsively to the other woman. "This blackguard will do you no harm

## Who's Who in the Thrilling New Film

Pearl Standish ..... PEARL WHITE  
Richard Carslake ..... Warner Oland  
The High Priestess ..... Ruby Hoffman  
Tom Carleton ..... Henry Geell

whatever. He has come here merely to recover a diamond belonging to me—the Violet Diamond of Daroon. You may have read of it. . . . I hid it in a bottle of perfume and you chanced to purchase that bottle. That is the reason all this is occurring here in your home. . . . I am very sorry. . . . But if you will be patient, there will soon be an end to your share of this adventure. . . . "Thank Heaven," gasped the woman in a terrified whisper. "If my husband were only home!"

### Carslake Departs.

"Husbands should be at home at this hour," observed Carslake. "Serry I missed him, but—better luck next time. Au revoir, ladies. This way, my man!"

He turned and was just about to leave the room, when in through the portiere strode a tall, handsome man in dress clothes—the husband of the lady in negligee and the master of the house.

"Dick!" . . . Oh, Dick! sobbed his wife, instantly relieved. To her, this gentleman was a hero. As far as she was concerned, the

## You Will Find "The Vampire" a Gripping Serial—Don't Miss It



# Magazine Page



## DRACULA, OR

## THE VAMPIRE

By BRAM STOKER.

### PART ONE—(Continued)

"O, dear," I said, "I don't know him; who is it?" His answer seemed to shock and thrill me, for it was said as if he did not know that it was to me, Mina, to whom he was speaking: "It is the man himself!"

The poor dear was evidently terrified at something—very greatly terrified; I do believe that if he had not had me to lean on and to support him he would have sunk down. He kept staring; a man came out of the shop with a small parcel, and gave it to the lady, who then drove off. The dark man kept his eyes fixed on her, and when the carriage moved up Piccadilly he followed in the same direction, and hailed a hansom. Jonathan kept looking after him, as said, as if to himself:—

### COUNT DRACULA MAKES APPEARANCE IN LONDON.

"I believe it is the Count, but he has grown younger. My God, if this be so! Oh, my God! my God! If I only knew! If I only knew!" He was distressing himself so much that I feared to keep his mind on the subject by asking him any questions, so I remained silent. I drew him away quietly, and he, holding my arm, came easily. We walked a little further, and then went in and sat for a while in the Green Park. It was a fine day for autumn, and there was a comfortable seat in a shady place.

After a few minutes' staring at nothing, Jonathan's eyes closed, and he went quietly into a sleep, with his head on my shoulder. I thought it was the best thing for him, as I did not disturb him. In about twenty minutes he woke up, and said to me quite cheerfully:—

"Why, Mina, have I been asleep! Oh, do forgive me for being so rude. Come, and we'll have a cup of tea somewhere." He had evidently forgotten all about the dark stranger, as in his illness he had forgotten all of that episode had reminded him of it. I don't like this lapsing into forgetfulness; it may make or continue some injury to the brain.

I must not ask him, for fear I shall do more harm than good; but I must somehow learn the facts of his journey abroad. The poor man, I fear, when I must open that parcel and know what is written. Oh, Jonathan, you will, I know, forgive me if I do wrong, but it is for your own dear sake.

### SAD HOME-COMING FOR PARTY OF FRIENDS.

Later—A sad home-coming in every way—the house empty of the dear soul who was so good to us; Jonathan still pale and dizzy under a slight relapse of his malady; and now a telegram from Van Helsing, whoever he may be:—

"You will be grieved to hear that Mrs. Westenra died five days ago, and that Lucy died the day before yesterday. Oh, what a wealth of sorrow in a few words! Poor Mrs. Westenra! Poor Lucy! Gone, gone, never to return to us! And poor, poor Arthur, to have lost such sweetness out of his life! God help us all to bear our troubles."

### Dr. Seward's Diary.

22 September.—It is all over. Arthur has gone back to Ring, and has taken Quincy Morris with him. What a fine fellow is Quincy! I believe in my heart of hearts that he suffered as much about Lucy's death as any of us; but he bore himself through it like a mortal Viking. If America can go on breeding men like that, she will be a power in the world, indeed. Van Helsing is lying down, leaving a note preparatory to his journey. He goes over to Amsterdam tonight, but says he returns tomorrow night; that he only wants to make some arrangements which can only be made in person. He is to stop with me then, if he can; he says he has work to do in London which may take him some time.

Poor old fellow! I fear that the strain of the past week has broken down even his iron strength. All the time of the burial he was, I could

see, putting some terrible restraint on himself. When it was all over, we were standing beside Arthur, who, poor fellow, was speaking of his part in the operation where his blood had been transfused to his Lucy's veins! I could see Van Helsing's face grow white and purple by turns. Arthur was saying that he felt since then as if they two had been really married, and that she was his wife in the sight of God. None of us said a word of the other operations, and none of us ever shall.

Arthur and Quincy went away together to the station, and Van Helsing and I came on here. The moment we were alone in the carriage he gave way to a regular fit of hysterics. He has denied to me since that it was hysterics, and insisted that it was only his sense of humor asserting itself under very terrible conditions. He laughed till he cried, and I had to draw down the blinds lest any one should see us and misjudge; and then he cried till he laughed again; and laughed and cried together, just as a woman does.

### VAN Helsing EXPLAINS CAUSE OF BREAKDOWN.

"Ah, you don't comprehend, friend John. Do not think that I am not sad, though I laugh. See, I have cried even when the laugh did choke me. But no more think that I am all sorry when I cry, for the laugh he comes just the same. Keep it always with you that laughter who knock at your door and say, 'May I come in?' is not the true laughter. No! he is a king and he comes when and how he likes. He asks no person; he chooses no time of suitability. He says, 'I am here.'"

"Behold, in example, I grieve my heart out for that so sweet young girl; I give my blood for her, though I am old and worn; I give my time, my skill, my sleep; I let my other sufferers wait that so she may have all. And yet I can laugh at her very grave—laugh when the clay from the spade of the sexton drop upon her coffin and say, 'Thud! thud!' to my heart, till it send back the blood from my cheek. My heart bleeds for that poor boy—that dear boy, so of the age of mine own boy had I been so blessed that he live, and with his hair and eyes the same."

"There, you know why I love him so. And yet when he says things that touch my husband-heart to the quick, and make my father-heart yearn to him as to no other man—not even to you, friend John, for we are more level in experience, than father and son—yet even at such moment King Lauch he comes to me and about and bellow in my ear, 'Come, and kind! Ah, we men and women are like ropes drawn tight with strain that pull us different ways. Then tears come; and, like the rain on the ropes, they brace us up, until perhaps the strain become too great, and we break. But King Lauch he comes like the sunshine, and he ease off the strain again; and we bear to go on with our labor, what it may be.'"

(To Be Continued Tomorrow) (Copyrighted)

## The Wrong Trail

All Work and No Play Is the Price of Food and Shelter for Too Many Girls.

By MARY ELLEN SIGSBEE



By Mary Ellen Sigbee.

ELSIE put off writing home from day to day, not because she did not think of them often, but because she wanted to be able to say that she had found a good position and was doing well. Her friends in the big store still failed to materialize and she was forced into a search for work without advice or experience.

In her quest of the large stores she found that she would be compelled by any of them to wear a black dress. As she did not have one she laid out some of her precious dollars in buying the cheapest possible—but she could not find the position for which the dress had been bought.

In her search for work she sometimes met with a kind of familiarity which froze her blood. One such man, after talking with her awhile, made her leave her name and address, promising to write her the next week. Elsie did not really expect any position through this, and was so repelled by the man she felt tempted to give a wrong address, but forborne on that slim chance of a living.

Then she began going in wherever she saw the sign, "Girl Wanted." These places were small manufactories. The position was usually that of errand girl. In none of them could she make as much as \$5 a week.

She now saved money by buying food and eating it in her room. She also discovered a place where she could get a room cheaper. On the day that she was moving she received, to her surprise, a notice to call at the store where the man had taken her name and address. She hurried up there full of gratitude and pleasure. The same man offered her a position in the basement of the store at \$7 a week. She was to report for duty next morning. Elsie had carefully written down just what she thought each necessity would cost her. She believed she could begin on \$7.

"There'll be a chance that I can

earn more later!" she asked. "Sure," said the man, "and, remember, I'm your friend." So Elsie accepted.

That night she wrote a postcard to her mother: "Have a good position. Am all right. Please don't worry about me." She gave no address. She did not want them to know her whereabouts yet.

The place where Elsie worked was hot and ill-ventilated. She stood for long hours upon her feet—often doing nothing—but it brought her in contact with other girls, and, in her loneliness, this meant everything. She found out, however, that most of the girls she met lived with their families, to whom they paid a nominal board.

Of those few who lived independently Elsie soon realized that most were different from herself—separated by a wall of experience which she did not care to penetrate.

There was one girl, who, like Elsie, had broken with her home. This girl had been born and brought up in the city. She had ill treatment to contend with at home. After they grew to be friends and Elsie had heard this girl's story, she found it hard to answer in her turn the question, "Why did YOU come away?"

Minnie Mason—the new friend—and Elsie moved into a room that held two cots, a bureau, a washstand and one chair. Minnie understood where to look and they paid for this room \$3. It was in a dirty, noisy neighborhood, but Elsie had by this time spent everything except the precious paper-wrapped sum that hung around her neck in a bag. Friendship and economy combined were a real bonanza to both of them.

Elsie, however, had a country appetite. The amount she had to spend on meals would not buy either the kind or quality she was accustomed to. She was always hungry. There was not a cent left over at the end of the week. Extra car fares, moving pictures or any other form of amusement were out of the question. The novelty of the new life began to wear off for both of them at about the same time.

To Minnie, the freedom from contention and ill treatment seemed at first all sufficient. To Elsie the excitement of being at work in a great city at first suf-

ficed for almost anything. But after all the love of gaiety is as natural to a young girl as play is to a kitten. There was nothing whatever in their lives to supply this. Minnie knew thoroughly that there was only one way for an underpaid shop girl to obtain any of the good things of life. From her Elsie learned many things. But Minnie also knew something of the inevitable disasters. She was a child of the slums from whom nothing is hidden.

(To Be Continued.)

## A FEW FACTS ABOUT PAPER

The earliest form of paper was papyrus, made from reeds. The first was reserved for the priests, and called Hieratica. Papyrus was not allowed to be sold until covered with sacred writing. The Romans bought large quantities from Egypt, removed the writing by washing, and sold the sheets as "Augustus" paper.

The "water mark" on paper is of very early origin. M.S. of the thirteenth century had hand water marks. They were used for the same reason as "mason's" marks on stone. They indicated the maker's name to those who knew his mark.

When paper was first made from linen rags is uncertain, but a writer of A. D. 1200 recorded that the linen wrappings round mummies were sold to the scribes to make paper for shopkeepers.

The word "paper" is derived from the papyrus, the native name of the papyrus reed from which the Egyptians made paper.

If the threads and seams were not cut out of linen rags, they would appear as specks in the manufactured paper.

The paper-making machine which superseded hand work except for special makes, was a French invention.

Paper manufacture was first commenced in England in Hertfordshire by one John Tate, on Stevenage.

Paper was manufactured in Arabia, Spain, France and Holland long before it was made in England.

Before paper was made, stones, clay, waxed boards, leaves, bark, and skins were used for writing.

## Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

### A Splendid Spirit.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am going about with a young man twenty-eight. I love him dearly. He has asked me to become his wife. There are no parental objections, but there is one reason. . . . Going down to business every day I have to pass the most poorly and densely populated section in the city, and to see the dirty and unkempt families and homes, it has made me feel I ought to devote my life to doing what I can for the poor.

F. V. W.

MY dear child, Your spirit is splendid and unselfish, but a little bit morbid and hysterical for all that. Don't fling aside the personal happiness to which you are entitled for the sake of turning your life into a sacrifice. Marriage isn't supposed to be a sacrifice, but the happiest possible expression of life itself. Why should you not be able to serve the poor and needy even after you are married? Undoubtedly wonderful women like Florence Nightingale, Clara Barton and Jane Addams have been more completely free to serve humanity because they had no personal ties—but just to feel the yearning to help people in general doesn't assure you of the efficiency and ability that would make you such a woman as one of these. Marry the man you love and retain still an unselfish desire to serve others.

### Be Fair To Her.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I was introduced to a young girl whom I now love very much and she in turn loves me. We became engaged two months ago. My friends tell me that I was too hasty for this young woman is in a very peculiar circumstance. She is a very poor girl and lives in a bad neighborhood. . . . Now, personally, I would have no doubt as to what alternative I should choose, but I am becoming perturbed at the advice of my friends.

H. S. H.

POVERTY and adverse circumstances need not make a girl "bad." Even if this girl were a little bit weak and inclined to choose the wrong path in life, your faith in her might be the very thing to save her and help her in making her fight. If on the other hand you were to throw her over, it is very possible that even a fairly strong girl who was making a fight against temptation might in a bitter reaction against your cruel judgment of her decide to "have the game as well as the name." Faith indeed often moves mountains. If I were a man, I would defend the girl I loved against unkind and probably unjust criticism—not doubt her because of them. Can't you judge for yourself whether or not she is fine and sweet and making the right sort of appeal to you or whether the attraction she has for you is base and unworthy.

### The Room in Darkness.

With a growl of rage Carslake reached out to recover it. Pearl also reached for it, and being a little nearer, she was on the point of capturing it, when Carslake threw himself forward and kicked the revolver out of her way.

As they both hurried themselves forward a second time, Dick obtained possession of the other gun and knocked his man out with a blow from the blunt end. Down went Carslake's right-hand man without a sound.

At the same instant, Pearl sent Carslake reeling against the wall and seized his gun. But in falling backward, Carslake located the light switch, and quick as thought, tossed it, plunging the room in darkness.

Pearl fired toward Carslake, then turned and rushed for the doorway. Dick attempted to stop her, in order to demand an explanation—for the whole adventure was still a mystery to him—but she evaded him, seized the portieres and ripped them down.

Again Dick attempted to stop her, and Carslake, too, made a grab for her. But she was not to be caught. Whipping the portieres up over her head, she launched them almost like a lasso, entangling both men in the voluminous folds. They went down in a heap, struggling, gasping, fighting madly to free themselves.

But Pearl had not yet cleared her path, for now Carslake's accomplice recovered from the blow on his head and tackled her. She began to strike at him, using her revolver as a club, but he had been caught once that way, and now dodged cautiously.

It seemed as though she could neither defeat him in battle nor escape.

To Be Continued To-morrow.

## All Star Recipes

The following recipes have been tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, conducted by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, and are republished here by special arrangement with that publication, the Nation's Greatest Home Magazine.

All measurements are level, tablespoons and teaspoons being standard half-pint measuring cups used. Sixteen level tablespoons equal a half-pint. Quantities are sufficient for six persons unless otherwise stated. Flour is sifted once before measuring.

### Baked Corn

with Clams. 1,543 Calories

One can minced clams, 1 cupful canned corn, 1 cupful milk, 1 egg well beaten, 1 cupful dry bread crumbs, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful pepper, onion soup salt if desired, 1/2 teaspoonful paprika. Mix ingredients, except butter, together well; put them in a buttered baking dish, place bits of butter on top, and bake one-half hour. Fresh corn may be used.

### Spiced

Cranberries 3,920 Calories

Two quartas cranberries, 2-1/2 pint vinegar, 2-3 cupful water, 5 cupfuls sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls ground cinnamon, 1 tablespoonful ground cloves, 1 tablespoonful allspice. Combine the ingredients, boil gently for forty-five minutes, and put up as usual in jars or glasses.

### Cocoa

Doughnuts 2,750 Calories

Two eggs, 2-3 cupful sugar, 1 cupful milk, pastry flour, 2 tablespoonfuls melted butter, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 2 tablespoonfuls cocoa, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoonful salt. Beat thoroughly together the eggs and sugar, add melted butter and milk. Sift together twice three cupfuls of flour, baking powder, cocoa, salt and spice, and add to the liquid mixture. Stir well, then roll out to roll out; cut in strips and twist slightly; fry in hot fat, and when cold roll with powdered sugar. Cut all the strips in one, and fry that those that were cut first. These may be cut in rings if preferred.

### Frozen

Cranberries 2,610 Calories

Four cupfuls cranberries, 2-3 cupful seeded raisins, 2 1/2 cupfuls sugar, 2 cupfuls boiling water, Juice 1 orange, Juice 1/2 lemon. Cut raisins in halves, add to cranberries with sugar and water, and cook fifteen minutes, skimming when necessary. Add fruit-juices, rub through a puree-strainer, cool, and freeze to a mush in three parts of ice to one part of salt.